

USS MADDOX DESTROYER ASSOCIATION

S71W14562 Hidden Creek Ct.
Muskego WI 53150

July, 2018

USS Maddox Association Officers and Board

Officers

President:	Bob Wannamaker	2018
Vice President:	Joe Stout	2019
Secretary:	Edward Schultz	Appointed
Treasurer	Sandy Bayley	Appointed
Chaplin:	Rev. Justin McMenamy	Appointed
Parliamentarian:	Cliff Gillespie	Appointed
Historian:	Joe Stout	Appointed

Board of Directors

Hoot Gibson	2018
Dan Holland	2018
Edward Schultz	2018
Robert Dinwiddie	2018
Robert Fairbanks	2019
Earl Miller	2019
Ed Pirie	2019

Appointed Positions

Nominating Committee Chairman:	Hoot Gibson
Membership Committee Chairman:	Dennis Stokhaug
Webmaster:	Dennis Stokhaug
Newsletter Editor:	Kathy Stokhaug

How goes it NEWS

a Non-profit Organization

A Message from our President Bob Wannamaker



Greetings from **HOT** North, South Carolina!

We have only a few months until our reunion in Boise, ID and I completely forgot to make my reservations at both the hotel and the Maddox registration form. I have been so involved in planning our 2019 reunion I forgot about the upcoming reunion. I received a note from the Riverside Hotel asking for any last minute changes and that prompted my reaction.

It is amazing that a year has passed by so fast and I was reminded that I was also a year older on July 4. We have several folks who have had accidents with some injury including yours truly. Both Hoot Gibson and I have had back injuries but unfortunately Hoot's was a lot more serious. Hoot tells me his accident was so severe he will not be able to attend our reunion in Boise. We all need to send Hoot a card to make him feel better. I have also received calls from Dan Holland who seems to have improved from his surgery and is apparently feeling better. Our thoughts and prayers go out to all our shipmates who are not doing well.

I want to reiterate that \$100 a night room rates are no longer in existence for reunion groups like ours. Many of the hotels that quote cheaper rates do not have sufficient accommodations such as a restaurant for our banquet meals. Most offer catered meals for our breakfast's and banquet meals. To offset the higher room and meal costs, I have decided to reduce registration, tour and

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT (cont'd)

banquet fees from our treasury. Perhaps this will persuade more of our shipmates to attend and enjoy our reunion.

Sandy Bayley and I have made it very clear to the hotel to group our rooms near all our meeting facilities so we don't have to walk very far. This hotel is very big and is spread out over a large area, however, it is only two stories. I will double check with the folks there to make sure everyone will be in the same area. When you call the hotel at 208-343-1871, make sure you inform them you're with the Maddox Association.

I know you will enjoy Boise and the Riverside Hotel. We will announce the location for events in the hotel I hope to see all at our reunion on September 20-23. Enjoy the rest of your summer!

Bob

	<p>USS MADDOX REUNION Sept. 20-23, 2018 BOISE, IDAHO Riverside Hotel 2900 Chinden Blvd. Boise, ID 208-343-1871 Come and join the Fun!!</p>	
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Have a contribution for the *HOWGOESIT?* Just send it to Kathy Stokhaug via email or snail mail.

Email: Kstokhaug@aol.com

Address: S71W14562 Hidden Creek Ct.
Muskego, WI 53150
Phone 414-339-6168

I would love to hear from you.

POET'S CORNER

This is a feature that used to appear in the *HOWGOESIT* many years ago and I thought it would be appropriate for this edition since the following poem was in the newsletter a long time ago. It was written by Lawrence Owens who served on the Maddox (we shared a story he wrote in the last newsletter).

DOWN ON THE FARM

I'm up in the morning at half past four,
Slip on my breeches and sneak out the door.
Run across the yard just like the dickens,
To milk ten cows and feed them chickens,
Clean out the stables and curry Nance and Jiggs
Separate the cream and slop them pigs,
Work two hours and eat like a Turk,
And now I'm ready for a day's work.

Harness up the horses and hurry down the lane,
To get the hay in for it looks like rain.
I looked across the field and sure as your born,
The cows in the meadow and the sheep in the corn,
So I jump off the wagon and run a mile or two,
Heaving like a wind broke, wet clear through.
When I got back to the wagon, the fire really commenced,
Nance gets a straddle of a barbed wire fence!
My bones all aching and my muscles in a jerk
And now I'm ready for a full days work!
I've worked all summer and ain't made a thing,
I got less cash than I had last spring!!!

Author: Lawrence Owens.
Age 10 years old

Lawrence was on the Maddox and is now 92 years young.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Dennis Stokhaug

We ran across the following while visiting our daughter and son-in-law and escaping another Wis. Winter in Florida, which now has become our annual winter trip/visit. Every year our visit becomes an extended stay. Could be as we get older, the winters seem to be getting longer & colder.

Our daughter shares our passion for history & the Ringling Bros. Circus. Sarasota, FL was the winter home of the circus, its performers, animals and of course John & Mable Ringling. They had a home called Ca' d'Zan or "House of John." Did I mention that John grew up in Wisconsin so in a way he was escaping Wis winters.

Our daughter heard about a restaurant in a train car and we went to find it. It was a hard-to-find Bar, Restaurant and circus memorabilia archive called The Sarasota Suncoast Railroad or "Bob's Train". The owner, Bob Horne, is an antique rail car aficionado & a fan of the Ringling Circus. He is the past President of Show-folks of Sarasota. His wife's grandfather was the Board Chairman, treasurer of the circus.

The Bar, Restaurant is located in four Pullman rail cars. A 1960 Pullman, which is used as the kitchen, a 1947 Pullman, and a 1957 Pullman. He purchased these cars from the Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus. These cars previously housed the traveling performers. He also has ownership of the personal rail car of John & Mable Ringling, call the "JOMAR". His hope is to one day have it restored and opened as a museum.

When we finally found the place & boarded the train, we were directed to our table by Bob and I saw he was wearing a Yorktown hat. Well, naturally, that started the sea stories. We were in the Navy approximately the same time, 1962 and our two ships were in the same task group. We talked about the ships being involved in the Polaris sub launched ballistic missile, the only test with a live warhead & the Asroc anti-sub Nuclear Rocket in the operations called Dominic I Task Force Group 8.9. The Asroc was only tested once. The resulting blast was approximately as powerful as the one that destroyed Hiroshima. He said that the

blast lifted the Yorktown out of the water. He remembers getting the faulty Radiation Detection Badges, as we all did, and never receiving the results. He remembers the planes that flew over the blast recording the mushroom cloud, were pushed overboard after landing back on the Carrier because of possible contamination. After contacting the NAAV (National Association of Atomic Vets), Bob now goes in once a year to the VA for a complete physical involving 87 tests checking for effects of the radiation that was present during the operations.

The government now admits that all personnel involved are entitled to assistance and compensation if they have medical issues pertaining to the radiation.



Dennis received the following from Patti O'Connor, the daughter of Victor Saeger:

I am sending the attached photos and story on behalf of my dad, Victor Saeger. Dad is a veteran of the Korean war during which he served he Navy aboard the USS Maddox. He took the photos sometime during Jan/Feb of 1953 while the Maddox was in the Task Force 77 operating area.

My Dad writes:

These pictures were taken as the crew of the Maddox was called to help with the rescue of a pilot who missed his landing on the aircraft carrier that the Maddox was bird dogging for in case they had trouble with any landings. This particular pilot had some trouble with his landing gear and skidded off the side into the water. The Maddox launched our motor whale boat to pick him up.

The picture with the helicopter is from another occurrence where the helicopter got to the scene before we did and rescued the pilot.

The pictures of the ice on the sides and deck were from a stretch of extreme cold and very windy weather. The spray from the waves was freezing onto the sides of the Maddox. After a couple of days of this the winds calmed down and it warmed enough so we had an all hands work party clearing the ice accumulation.

Pictures from Victor Saeger (cont'd)

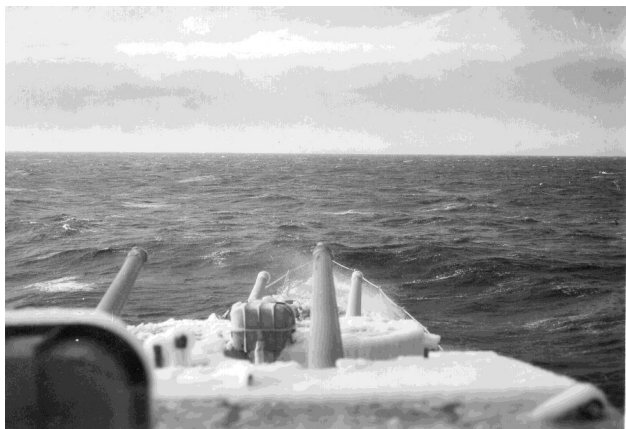
Pilot waiting to
Be picked up



Going after pilot in
Motor whale boat.

Helicopter picking another
Pilot up.





From the Bridge

Much snow looking aft



All hands work
party cleaning up

Memories of life aboard the USS MADDUX DD-731

Joe Fanelli

It was Dec the 19th, 1944. About 52 years ago. Our Task Force had just returned to Ulithi Harbor after taking a terrific beating, both physically & mentally from a typhoon for several days. We had been exposed to the power of Mother Nature at her meanest, 3 Destroyers had been lost along with about 800 sailors. We were beaten down as we had never been beaten before. The smaller ships took the most punishment & needed a lot of work & repair facilities to get ready for the next duty assigned to them. Our ships doctor Malcolm Burris had his job cut out for him too. He had to make sure that all of us were combat ready, just like our ship was. He made many physical exams, ran tests, checked past injuries & made sure everyone had their shots & all their body parts functioning as they should. In my case, he found a tooth that needed to be pulled or it might cause a problem in the future. There was a cruiser nearby that had a Dentist aboard with all the tools necessary to do the job. By the time I was sent there it was Christmas Eve. Nice time to go to the Dentist, I thought.

Also on our ship was a guy from Boston that we called "Bent Nose" Di Rosa. He had been a great boxer prior to joining the navy & he frequently donned our boxing gloves to show his skills by beating some other shipmate to a pulp or getting himself all bloodied by "House" Kettle, who was almost as big as a house, which explains his name. "Bent Nose" would also make a schedule of who should fight who & posted it on a bulletin board for all to see. Generally, the matches were fair as far as weight & skill are concerned but not everyone loved to box like "Bent Nose" did, but most showed up to keep from being called some kind of low miserable sneaking coward, or worse.

I had just come from the cruiser with the anesthesia still working, no pain at all, just numbness. Tony Bonito seen me come aboard & said that I was scheduled to box 3 rounds with him in about an hour. Now you gotta understand, Tony was a picture of what the all American boy should look like, and he had the strength, speed,

and agility to go with it. Every one admired Tony because he lived by the book. No hanky panky, he loved his job as a gunners mate and kept in the best of physical condition all of the time. I was not in a fighting mood but since there was little pain from the tooth being filled, I agreed to go ahead with the match. I didn't realize that I was not up to par, due to the medication slowing down my reflexes. The match started on time but it wasn't too long before I realized that Tony was about to remove all the teeth that the Dentist had spared. And all of this without any more anesthesia. Luckily, Tony bloodied my nose & the match was stopped before too much damage was done to my teeth & pride. This was our entertainment on Christmas Eve, 1944, so Santa's, no gift exchange, just get in the ring & get yourself all bloodied was the way we celebrated Christmas that year.

****Editors note:** I found this & many more stories from Joe at the bottom of a box of our newsletters. They were written in 1997 and in searching through old newsletters I found they had not been printed so you can look forward to more stories from Joe in future newsletters.

MADDOX NEWS

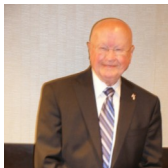


E mail From Jim Slattery:

I was coming home from Doctor visit in Wichita and as it was close to 1:00 PM I stopped at Yoder for lunch (we stopped there coming back from salt mines when reunion was in Wichita). I had a hat on that said US Navy. I ordered and was not paying much attention to people around me. All of a sudden I felt someone tap me on the shoulder and said "I got your tab". When the waitress came back I asked her if it was true. She said yes. I never had anything like that happen to me before. I left a good tip to pay it forward.

Jim

Jim, just a little proof that Good things come to Good people



CHAPLAIN'S CORNER ACCEPT and TRUST



May the grace and peace of God, Our Father, be with you all.

Two Sundays ago, as people were leaving Church, and the line was thinning out, a lady stopped, and with a thin smile, asked if I had a little time to visit - - she needed advise/counseling regards to whether she had made a right decision. Yes, I was free.

I hung my vestments up and we entered a small meeting room off of our gathering area (I left the door open). I knew her, & after a couple minutes of greetings her first words were, "I wish God would give me a sign - - if He would only write His message in the sky for me." There was a lot of listening for about 45 minutes as to what she was agonizing over. As this progressed, I had a question now & then, and all of a sudden she paused & said "Well that would seem like the right thing to do. I'll accept that & go on." More talk & mental thought on her part, kind of confirmed the path she needed to take, to just accept it. As we were parting, I said I know God didn't write you an answer in the sky, but I hope you can feel there was some kind of divine input into our discussion. She genuinely said, "Yes, I feel there was." After thanks, she left.

I thought about that these past couple weeks after Kathy asked for another Chaplain's Corner. All of us, even if it's only in mental thought at times, also think, if only I could have a sign (& hopefully, it would be from heaven). The demand for signs continue in our present moment of history. Some people choose to see evidence of God only in icons that blink & statues that bleed. Not that these don't bolster, strengthen & renew our faith because they do. But a greater amount of faith is lived in our everydayness & in our chores of life. But, so many do not see signs of God in the majesty of the stars, the intricacies of the human body the reach of the human mind or the complex elegance of the natural world right down to an individual petal of a beautiful rose. They (we) still want another sign.

Several years ago Time Magazine carried a cover story called "Rocky Mountain High". It was a tribute to the beauty & majesty of this popular vacationland. Sandwiched into this story was a remark made in 1852 by the then Secretary of State Daniel Webster. He said, "What do we want with this worthless area? This region of savages, wild

shifting sands, cactus & prairie dogs? To what good use could we ever hope to put these great deserts & its endless mountain ranges?"

Mr. Webster could not see nor imagine, nor had the vision to know what was to happen in less than a century. The Israelites could not in their wildest, imagine where God, through Moses, was leading them. The Israelites had to live through the horrors of the moment (they had no trust) -- all they could see was what was behind them -- Pharaoh, his whole army, horses, chariots, charioteers & enough weapons to absolutely wipe them out. God chose **not** to write a consoling, assuring message in the sky for the Israelites -- all they had was Moses. God gave Mr. Webster the opportunity to see all the magnificence of His creation, but he could not accept because he could not see into the future. What he needed was to simply accept -- that would have taken faith.

It's the same with each of us. We cannot see the future -- no writings appear in the sky. For people of faith who seek a sign, it really should be, in faith, I accept. I trust that it will be okay. Many people see God as removed from the regular, everyday operation of the universe & of our individual lives. Jesus tell us 42 times in the Gospels, "Do not be afraid -- have trust." To trust -- to focus on the beauty in our lives, like focusing on the roses among the thorns rather than on the thorns among the roses. When we demand new evidence of God's love for us at every stage of our life, we show our lack of trust. Instead, look at the beautiful pattern of events & memorable celebrated moments in our life, rather than on the isolated bumps, hurtles & detours. Pray for guidance to make right decisions (then trust), & go on. By the grace of God, it will probably all be okay.

A Servant of the Lord. God bless you.

Rev. Mr. Justin McMenamy

Chaplain

USS MADDOX DESTROYER ASSOCIATION DD731

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Independence, Mo. 64052

P.S. We have not had any members deceased since our last newsletter.

But lets pray for a couple members who have medical needs:

Hoot Gibson and Dan and Judy Holland.

SUGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THINGS NICE



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FIRST FEMALE COMMANDING OFFICER

The deck of a nuclear warship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean is a dangerous & loud place to be; beneath the deck, it's not much different especially when you run into Capt. Amy Bauernschmidt. The Milwaukee native is second in command of the USS Abraham Lincoln, one of 11 aircraft carriers stationed around the world; more than 3,000 sailors work on it & call it home. Bauernschmidt is the first woman ever to hold the Executive Officer title on board a nuclear warship; it's a feat no other woman has accomplished in the hundreds of years the Navy has existed. "Very few times in my life have I actually sat there & thought about the fact that I was a woman doing this because for the most part, I was treated as a naval officer & an aviator", she said.

When Bauernschmidt was in the Naval Academy things changed in the Navy allowing women into combat roles, & shortly after that Congress added language that allowed women into a variety of roles not previously available to them. She selected the naval aviation pipeline shortly after that, knowing the helicopter she flew could land on carriers, destroyers, frigates & cruisers. Several years later she went on to command a squadron, went through nuclear power training & became the first female Executive Officer on board an aircraft carrier.

Her story is far from over as she continues climbing toward the goal of Commanding Officer. Before her current ship deploys, she will take on a new role. She'll become the first in command, Called the Commanding Officer of the USS Anchorage out of

FEMALE OFFICER (cont'd)

San Diego. She will spend 15-18 months on the amphibious ship before going back to the board selection process where they look at her for the possibility of Aircraft Carrier Commander..



PROUD GRANDPARENTS - - Dick & Judy Lagro wrote:

“Great Lakes Naval Training Center recruits will be graduating Friday April 20. There will be about 650 grads & 6 recruits will receive special awards. Our Granddaughter Katie Butler is an award winner.

Katie (age 19) is from Peoria (suburb of Phoenix). After graduation on April 20th she will be flown to the Navy school just north of Charleston, SC where she will attend the Nuclear Power school for the next 2 years. Based on her high grades in High School, Katie received a \$10,000 per year scholarship to go to AZ State U. However (much to her parent's dismay) she did not want it. She just wanted to join the navy....loves the regimen, military life & discipline.

As it turns out, Katie had it right all along - she belonged in the Navy and is doing very well. Dick used to tell her stories about his Navy life and she always loved to listen to them...even when he told her about getting called into the Great Lakes Naval Training Center Base Commander's office in 1957 (at age 17) for spitting on the sidewalk! By the way, he refrained from doing that again.

Anyway, our Katie has found her niche in life and is really looking forward to Nuclear schooling!”



Editors Note:

We, wish Katie well in her training & look forward to hearing more about her in the future, perhaps she will be our next “Amy Bauernschmidt!”



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TO: